

## ALAN DALE IS OPTIMISTIC. \* SOCIETY'S WIN

Why We Should Be Pleased.

By Cholly Knickerbocker

SEE here, New Yorkers! If you think I am going to growl the old year out you are making a mistake that simply boggles with me. It is the thing to try a little bit on December 31—I don't know why. You are supposed to exclaim "Mia culpa!" every two minutes, and to hope for better things. Tradition tells you to wear sackcloth and ashes and to lament over everything as neatly as you can. You must say "Oh, this poor lost year. How melancholy to think that it has gone! How evil and how useless it has been! And to think that I am one year older!" (This last regret is invariably uttered by the men, for the reason that the dead year always leaves the women one year younger.)

Of course it would do to be too optimistic, because optimism is so dull. In the language of W. S. Gilbert: "Don't the days seem blank and long when all goes right, and nothing goes wrong?" But our theatrical year, with all its sins of commission and omission, has given us a good deal of pleasure. We need not growl until we have recalled the fact that our theatres are the best in the world, and that New Yorkers own a collection of actors and actresses that are not to be equalled by any city in the universe. Given the play, and New York will act it more intelligently and more adequately than either London or Paris. There is no doubt at all about that. Our acting is fresh and unsophisticated, with no frills about it. Our actors and actresses—unlike those of London—don't waste their time catering to snobs and tiffes. They and their things are not here to distract the attention of the players from their work. Honest work is in vogue in this metropolis, and the result stands forth clear, crystalline, prismatic.

Just at present it is the actors, rather than the playwrights, that make New York's glory. The playwrights are hidden in a fog that seems determined never to lift. The actors, however, stand on a pedestal in keen and rarefied air, in-viting enigma and satisfaction.

Look at our list—with the ladies first. We have had our sweet little Maude Adams, lisping Shakespeare and causing the long-haired ones to shiver with disapproval because she refused to tinkle the reach-me-down traditions that hedge in the Bard, and keep him, unfortunately, in the delirium. Can you find the equal of Miss Adams anywhere? Answer quickly—one, two, three. You're lost; you can't do it. We have our Julia Marlowe, who has stepped to the top of the ladder this year by means of "Barbara Frietche." I defy you to point out a more exquisite exponent of everything that is gentle, girlish, young, fragile and winning in dramatic art. Miss Marlowe would make the joy of any metropolis. And she is yours! Think of that and be pleased with yourselves. You have fostered her art, which began to glimmer at a little "trial" matinee ten years ago, and now glows white and warm.

You have your Minnie Maddern Fiske to congratulate yourselves about. Mrs. Fiske is quite unique, and would be welcome wherever the English language was spoken. She gave you no "Tess" this year—plays like "Tess" don't grow on gooseberry bushes—but she did her best to flusterate one of the most remarkable characters of English literature, one Becky Sharp. It was a daring effort, and thousands went to see it. You will find the like of Mrs. Fiske nowhere. She is yours—all yours. So, for goodness' sake, be cheerful and give the old year its dues.

Ada Rehan is still alive, and you saw her in "The Great Ruby." There is a good deal of genuine tear-moving pathos in the temporary silence of one of America's most luminous ladies. If my pen splashed easily in sorrow's ink I could say something touching while I was on this subject. But life is too short for regrets. Miss Rehan is still yours, and I advise you to wish her a happy New Year, and plenty of them. Then you have Mrs. Leslie Carter, a surprising creature who can run the gamut of the emotions, and who is one of America's newest sensations. Here is a woman with temperament and that strange gift of awakening sympathy.

Mrs. Carter can move you till your marrow wobbles. She can make a whole audience stand up and shout. She is a revelation, and you can flatter yourselves that she belongs to the American stage. Add this to your thanks to the old year.

I must hurry on, as my list is not ended. This little Annie Russell is one of your treasures, and while her art seems less ethereal since she has been "starring" (compare her lovely Sue with Miss Hobbs) it is never-

theless delectable. And the moral John Drew, who is settling down, and allowing daughters to grow up, is still very much the same old John Drew, and he has not failed to please in "The Tyranny of Tears." If you didn't like John Drew, he could go anywhere else, and make a hit. So please like him, and be thankful that he is American. You have young Southern also to credit yourselves with. He is an actor of whom any country might be proud, and although he has given us a surfeit of the rowdy D'Artagnan type of hero, he has invested it all with a refinement and a grace that you would scarcely find in any other actor. And what about Gillette?

Don't let anybody steal Gillette away from you. Put your mark on him, and see that he stays. During the year past he has steered Conan Doyle for you and made of him a very savory dish in "Sherlock Holmes." He is yours—all yours. You want to treat him with courtesy and deference, or he will run away and play exclusively for the Prince of Wales, who patronized him when he went to London. Before growling, please say "Gillette—Sherlock—Holmes," and you will feel much relieved. Then there was Nat Goodwin with "Nathan Hale" to make your sensations agreeable. This was one of the nicest features that the moribund year had to offer, and it was distinctly and irrevocably American.

Have I made you feel cozy? Are you gloating? Don't you think that everything has its bright side, and that optimism can be used very effectively in looking backward over the year that is being gathered into its predecessors?

Our splendid array of talent goes a long way toward redeeming the fact that the American playwright is still hard at work, doing everything but—playwriting. In the last of his articles on the American stage Mr. William Acher, to whom I alluded some time ago, remarked: "It sickened me to see all America crowding to see 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' while a noble and moving American drama like Mr. James A. Herne's 'The Griffith Davenport' was playing to the most meagre houses."

I agree with Mr. Archer that the faddism which made "Cyrano" so strangely potent is one of the terrible obstacles with which the unadvised, unheralded and undecorated American playwright has to contend. As for the "Rev. Griffith Davenport," while it had many noble and exquisite moments, its dreary dissertations rendered its success highly improbable. Still, I can't help thinking that if it had been offered up, plus the booming that was given to the work of the foreign Rostand, there would have been just as much reason for its success as for that of "Cyrano." "Cyrano" was a lovely thing to read—a very unlovely thing to see misunderstood by Mr. Mansfield—but its success here was due to the very cause that keeps the American playwright in bondage—a sort of lazy and slovenly tendency to accept ready-made conclusions. This is the rock upon which so many critics come to grief.

But "Cyrano," which had its American inception in 1898, is a debite compared with the wholesale inundation of foreign plays and "adaptations" that litter this dying year. Think of the farces that have come to us from abroad: "Because She Loved Him So," "Mlle. Fifi," "The Cuckoo," "The Purple Lady," "The Manicure," "The Girl from Maxim's," "In Paradise," "My Innocent Boy," "The Girl in the Barabacks" and "Make Way for the Ladies." All these attractions have been played at first-class theatres. The home-made farces are scarcely noticeable—crushed, in fact. Among them are "Mr. Smooth," "Why Smith Left Home," "Brown's in Town," "A Stranger in a Strange Land" and "That Man." I can find no others.

Passes at this list of imported works, which is perhaps made rather hastily: "The Tarnished," "At the White Horse Tavern," "The Great Ruby," "Lord and Lady Algy," "The Three Musketeers" in two doses, by Hamilton and by Grundy; "Colinette," "Rupert of Hentzau," "A Little Ray of Sunshine" (what a little ray it was!), "Miss Hobbs," "The Tyranny of Tears," "The Manuevers of Jane," "Wheels Within Wheels," "The Ghetto," "The Only Way," "The Children of the Ghetto," "Robespierre," "The Elder Miss Blossom," etc., etc.

And the works of American birth? "Nathan Hale," "The Rev. Griffith Davenport," "Citizen Pierre," "The Last Chapter," "A Young Wife," "Becky Sharp," "Peter Stuyvesant," "The Dairy Farm," "Barbara Frietche," "Sherlock Holmes." In this tiny little list, notwithstanding, there has been immense success—a fact that whispers something, don't you think? "Nathan Hale," "Becky

Sharp," "Barbara Frietche," "Ben Hur," "Sherlock Holmes" and "The Dairy Farm" (which, false as it was to real pastoral life, pleased Fourteenth street), all attracted attention. In other words, one-half of the American works succeeded. In the imported list I don't think there was anything to equal "Barbara Frietche" or "Sherlock Holmes." But, of course, I mustn't say too much, or I shall have books hurled at me showing how each attraction seemed to one million dollars and closed to two millions. I shrink, affrighted, before the malign "statement of receipts." They are about as amusing as the out-of-town criticisms with which certain managers regale me each week. May I ask them on the eve of the new year if they will kindly refrain in future? My wastepaper basket is so crowded!

In comic opera and musical comedy we have held our own nicely—rather too nicely. We have had "The Three Dragons," "The Singing Girl," "Cyrano," "Papa's Wife" (half American, half French, entirely successful), "The Three Little Lambs" and "The Amero." These have had nothing to contend with but "A Greek Slave," which they utterly routed without the slightest difficulty. We have also had farce comedy like "By the Sea Sea Waves," "Sis Hopkins," "The Man in the Moon" and the Weber & Fields produced one that were born here. But on the whole our galaxy of actors and actresses is fitted abroad. Most of them take up the plays presented by some London prototype. But the ebullient year leaves with us David Belasco and Clyde Fitch, the two conspicuous playwrights of to-day. Mr. Belasco's name has stood for so many successes that it is unnecessary to mention them. Mr. Fitch has given us during the past year both "Nathan Hale" and "Barbara Frietche." He has every reason to feel proud of himself, and we have great reason to feel proud of him. As for Belasco—I believe he could make a successful play out of the Encyclopedia Britannica or the telephone book. He could scent a drama in a soap advertisement, and make a thrilling tragedy from the real estate column of a newspaper.

The subject of American drama is not one for undiluted optimism, but with Belasco and Fitch cherishing us, and telling us to cheer up and look gay, there is no reason for utter despair. The good time will come when the public will say of a play like "Cyrano": "A very pretty curiosity, but nothing to make fools of ourselves over;" when French farces with their bedsteads will be regarded as unintelligible with their array of impossible characters, and their ideas so foreign to American notions; when comedies like "Wheels Within Wheels" will be given by independent theatres for the benefit of those who appreciate lady cleverness without soul, and when American stars will say to American playwrights: "Fit me, because you must understand me best. Pinner, Haddon Chambers, Cartier, Grundy are admirable in their way, but I rely upon you to please our masses."

I am not going to growl the old year out. We have enjoyed ourselves just the same. Many of the foreign plays have been better presented in New York than in London. That means a good deal, doesn't it? Think of getting a play written in London for London actors, and seeing it done better in New York! We have had some splendid productions to be thankful for, and we have seen scenic art brought to its perfection, as in "Ben Hur," and stage management reduced to a fine science, as in "Sherlock Holmes." We are not on the toboggan slide of decadence. The pose of degeneration all says read well and means little.

Men have thought in every age, the age however grand, That million streams an age before flowed gently through the land.

A hundred years from now, when you and I are—wherever we are—(ho-ho-ho! boo-hoo! please wipe some critic will probably be deploring the tendency of the times and referring to 1899 as one of those bright, pure, intellectual years when merit was appreciated and all efforts were wholesome. Our worst plays may be boiled mutton and caper sauce to the dramas that are then presented. We are just as good, and better, than those that have gone before us. "The good old days" are a fraud. They were not nearly as nice as these. Take my word for it. We have had our fun out of the old year. We are grateful to it. We will not weep because it is gone. We will not cry "Mia culpa." We will say "Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la!"—just as though we were in the chorus of a comic opera, waiting to troop on until the star had finished her little song.

ALAN DALE.

EVEN for the holidays, New York has been more than moderately gay, and there is promise of much to come. For once it will be seen that the old adage of "A swallow does not make a Summer" has been verified. There have been departures, and the leaving of Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Adolphus Astor on Wednesday and the sailing of Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont yesterday have been social misfortunes, but there are still sufficient people to keep the "society pot a-boiling." It was known some time ago that Mrs. John Jacob Astor would sail and pass the Winter months in a warmer climate. Her little son is very delicate, and of late especially she and Colonel Astor have been very anxious about him. He must be kept in the open as much as possible, and the Winters in the North are too severe for him. San Moritz promises to be unusually gay, and the month of January there will see cotillions and snow festivals and golf. The air is so dry that one does not feel the cold. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lawrence will join Colonel and Mrs. Astor a little later, and there will be a trip down the Nile and a stop at Cairo in February, when the Egyptian capital shall be at the height of its glory.

FROM recent letters received from the other side it is said to be very dull at Nice and on the Riviera. Young Willie Vanderbilt and his wife have been out very little socially, and have occupied all their time in long excursions along the coast, and are now going through Spain in their automobile. The Vallant is to be at their service during the latter part of January. Mrs. Oliver Belmont and her son, Harold Vanderbilt, will have arrived at that time. Mrs. Belmont will take in England and Bournemouth on her way to the Riviera. Mrs. Belmont will join her very shortly. The bookings for the January cottages have been quite heavy, and many people have found it impossible to get away on good ships with comfortable accommodations. Mrs. Belmont was obliged to select a favorable occasion. It was quite a blow to society, which was looking forward to the New Year dance. It was really Mrs. Belmont who engineered the wonderful Gould entertainment and made it the social success it achieved.

THE entertainment to which society is now looking forward is the cotillion which will be given by Mrs. John Drexel at Sherry's on January 8. Mrs. Drexel has rapidly come to the front in New York society. Her career at Newport last Summer was triumphant, and Mrs. Astor had chosen her for one of the guests of her first state dinner of the Winter. It is rather interesting to look at the list of Mrs. Astor's guests, especially at the first dinner. It signifies much to fashionable women, as it shows on what lines Mrs. Astor will arrange her campaign. The Drexel position in New York is not only assured, but Mrs. Drexel will be what is called "a leader" if such an arrangement can now exist in a great metropolitan centre. There have been rumors concerning the beauty and costliness of the favors at this cotillion, and it is said that Mrs. "John" will see Mrs. George Gould one better. Society is always in an acceptable mind where gifts are concerned, and now there is a rush for invitations. More than the old Seventy-five will be asked, as there have been five hundred cards issued, and Mrs. Drexel has taken such pains with her list, which Mrs. Astor has supervised, that these five hundred will constitute general society and the cream of the sets. Miss Fell and Miss Paul, of Philadelphia, will come over for the cotillion, and the veteran of the dance, Elsie Dyer, Jr., will lead.

THE party at George Vanderbilt's broke up this week, and the Twomblys have come back to town. They will sail shortly for Europe. The George Vanderbilts are to be here also in a few days, and Biltmore will be closed for the season. The party was very quiet, and the list of guests was confined strictly to the family. There was the usual Christmas tree for the tenants and a celebration in the great ballroom on Christmas Day.

AIKEN is beginning to look up. The Tommie Hitchcocks have arrived, and the hunting season has begun. Major and Mrs. Mallory, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dodge, Miss Eustis are all at their cottages. Mr. and Mrs. Clinch Smith are expected shortly. Mr. and Mrs. Butler Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beach, Mrs. Duncan Elliott and Mrs. Gouverneur Kortwright will arrive later.

WILLIE VANDERBILT, SR., arrived from Hot Springs and went immediately to a more, where he passed Christmas with his brother. Willie arrived here at the end of it more. Just at present he will not join his social and daughter-in-law on the "other side," as family complications would ensue. Eltonette must be observed at all costs. Mr. Vanderbilt for the present remains in this country.

MRS. STEUYVESANT FISH is credited with setting up a course of Saturday evening entertainments which are to have the complexion of a salon. There will be little vaudeville shows and simple plays of the amateur order, in which Harry Lehr, Otto Cushing and Emily Hoffman will dance, and the usual social variety which, of course, the best of music will be heard and the visiting list pruned. Other muscians are still in the air, and there are whispers of one to be given by Mrs. George Gould just before Lent, at which Calve will give an act of Carmen in the little theatre at Georgian Court.

THE list of futures is not very large, but there are plenty of small entertainments. Mrs. Astor will give her annual ball at the end of the month, and she will have a double cotillion, with Harry Lehr and Elsie Dyer, Jr., as leaders. There will be a dinner dance for Miss Laura Swan and another for Miss Clara Bryce. The week to come is filled with the meetings of dancing classes. Tuesday evening will see the second Junior Cotillon at Sherry's and the third Fortnightly at the Waldorf-Astoria. On Friday will be held at Delmonico's the first of the Knickerbocker dances.

MRS. LEITER sails on Wednesday for England. She will then proceed to Cairo, where (she is to meet her two unmarried daughters, who have just paid a long visit to Lady Curzon, Mrs. Leiter did not go to India, but after her daughters' departure from England returned immediately to this country. The Leiter girls have made great social successes for themselves in the East, and there are still rumors that they are both engaged to young English noblemen. They will pass part of the Winter at Cairo, be in London in the Spring and come over for Newport in July.

AS soon as Baby Vanderbilt was christened Cornelius and his wife and little family left for the South, where they will remain for some weeks. The Christening on Christmas Day was quite a little fete, although the list of guests only included members of the family and very intimate friends. The Vanderbilts were represented by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Dave Hennen Morris, and all the Astors, of course, were present. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., and her sons and daughters passed the Christmas very quietly at their residence, Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street.

THE holiday week has not been a very brilliant one at the opera. On Monday night there was a very small audience in the boxes and the parterre looked extremely dismal. On Wednesday the audience was better, and Mrs. Drexel and Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Astor saved the situation on Friday, which is becoming the second fashionable night. Mrs. Ogden Mills has appeared very little this season at the opera. She intends to sail at the close of the season, and she will be abroad quite a long time.

THE Levi P. Mortons have returned to town and opened their Fifth avenue house. It will only be for a short time, however, as their two elder daughters are abroad for the Winter and the whole family will meet in Cairo in February. In the meantime Mrs. Morton will give a few small dinners. Last week she gave one very handsome affair of this kind. The Mortons entertained in the country over Christmas.

THE other Mannie take place on There will be a bride after the CHICAGO has Potter Palm dinners and go abroad shortly a Cantacuzene. Mrs. er is royal favor at all the courts one of the few American women able to hold so distinguished a Continent and in England. The difficulty between herself and the was more or less a fabrication. However, has only a second class royalty, and fires for the most where she is entertained by the Mrs. Palmer is a great favorite with Italy and a persona grata at the court.

MRS. OGDEN ARMOUR gave a large in the holiday week. Mrs. Armour is a great patroness of the opera and she in Chicago, and it was she who first gave chon Thompson her hearing, and it was she who helped that she was sent abroad to study. chon Thompson's success at the Opera Com well known, and to-day she is one of the prima donnas abroad. Mrs. Armour often delightful muscians, and she is as well known New York society as in Chicago.

MRS. GEORGE PULLMAN, the widow of a pulchre car magnate, has passed much her time at Long Branch and in the Th sand Islands, where she has beautiful Summer homes. She has not been seen much in society since the death of her husband. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Carolyn, of San Francisco, has been New York this Winter as the guest of Mr. mann Oelrichs. Mr. and Mrs. William I are travelling abroad. Mrs. Pullman is a woman who has achieved great social success. Her seasonal success was in London with her and later in Italy and on the Continent remains delightfully.

MRS. CHATFIELD TAYLOR is the Senator Farwell and the Reginald de Koven. She is great beauties and belles of Chicago her marriage, and she is now one of the young matrons. She has been in New York. She has written several short stories and wields a clever pen, and is, in sides, one of the best golfers in the West.

THE week which has passed was, as has been stated previously, very gay. The largest entertainment was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes in honor of their daughter, Miss Mildred Stokes, last Tuesday evening. It was a bal poudre for the younger set. The girls alone appeared with powdered hair, the men not daring to trust themselves or their locks to the hairdresser. There was a pretty cotillon, with amusing Christmas favors, led by Alexander Haddon and Miss Stokes. They made a well matched pair, both being very tall. The girls were all gowned in white, trimmed with holly, and they wore holly in their hair.

## The Elixir of Life

2309

WE want a great deal here below, we want it earnestly and want it long. There is an adage to the contrary, but to say one thing and mean something else happens to everybody, however devout. Now here comes Professor Metchnikoff, who last week entertained us with the announcement that he had found a lymph which fills part of the bill. So much the better. It is in the eating of the pudding, though, that the proof of it lies. We remember Dr. Schenk. We have not forgotten Dr. Brown-Sequard.

We are willing to believe that the sex of children can be changed in the cradle. But should like to see it done. We are willing to believe that decrepitude can be rejuvenated. But we should like to see the process at work. It is that which the Professor proposes. He says, or is reported to have said, that old age can be prevented. We are of the same opinion. By way of remedy an early demise seems to us sovereign.

There are, however, devised less summary. An English specialist, who died recently at an age which was generally regarded as very young for him, maintained that longevity consisted in omitting everything which we like to do and in doing everything which we don't. We agreed with him also. The things which we like to do are either iniquitous or injurious, unless they happen to be both.

Another specialist, a German this time, stated coincidentally that the secret of long life consisted in matrimony. By way of evidence he exhibited a lot of centenarians all of whom were widowers. But the exhibit showed, or seemed to, not that matrimony is conducive to longevity, but, rather, that the man who survives matrimony can survive anything.

Then there was another specialist, not English or German, but French, who had different receipts for different people. To one he ascribed his green old age to the fact that he was continuously in his cups. To another he said it was due to the exercise which he got out of thrashing his creditors. Ladies were told that there was nothing like making a night of it. And so forth and so on. He had a secret, though, and without suspecting

it. It was the faculty of being always amused.

That, we take it, is the right one after all. Others, better informed, have thought otherwise. The Elixir of Life represents the quintessence of a dream which many smart people have enjoyed. It hallucinated the great Alexander. He tramped about India to realize it. It visited Bacon. He tried to find the ingredients. It perplexed every one of the masters of the sciences known as occult. They were all after it. In addition it interested a gentleman much nearer to us than any of these. Thereby hangs a tale.

Through the wide leasures and rigid cere-

monial of the court of Spain once upon a time there loured a page. He was young, impudent and abominably good-looking. A princess smiled and beckoned. That was enough. There and then he was sent to another world, to a better one, to the tropics which Columbus had just found. He landed at Hayti, or rather at Hispaniola, as the island was then more musically known, and with easy gallantry assisted in eliminating the native. Caesar used to create a solitude and call it Peace. Spain used to do the same thing and call it Civilization. In furthering her designs the young chap learned that on a neighboring island there was gold galore.

It occurred to him that if he got the gold he might get the princess also. Through processes with which it is idle to encumber this story he succeeded. When he left that island, which to-day is known as Puerto Rico, he had gold to melt.

Between those sentences there are years. There are torrents of blood. There are all the civilizing influences of Spain. Incidentally the young chap had grown old. Whether he remembered the princess is problematic. That he missed his good looks is clear.

And here the plot thickens. Meanwhile he had heard that a little to the north was a land on which spouted a fountain whose

waters effaced old age. To recover his youth he sailed that way. Were we writing fiction we would so arrange as to let him find the fountain, and his youth, find the princess tender and true, or, better, perhaps, in view of his rejuvenation, find her daughter and even her granddaughter more to his taste.

But this is not fiction. It is the history of Ponce de Leon—not the hotel at St. Augustine, but the adventurer after whom it was named. That fountain was not found by him, but Florida was, and with it, not youth, but fame.

There is real longevity for you, the one and only way to balk the grave. The production

of it, though, presupposes brains instead of serum and luck in lieu of lymph. In the conjunction of those two little things is the secret of life, and it is just because they are hard to get together which makes the elixir rare. The ingredients which Professor Metchnikoff is compounding may or may not prove more or less efficacious, yet in any event we should prefer the others every trip.

No matter, though, about that. The point is that death is not as bad as it might be. It has its inconveniences, of course, but then so has life. The easiest way to avoid them is to tie a knot in your handkerchief as a reminder that they exist and then forget them entirely. Old age is the outcome of years, and years count double when they don't count quintuple to those who allow themselves to be perturbed. We none of us can change the course of events, and a good prescription is not to try. In our private practice we have obtained excellent results from a simple preparation made of equal parts of health and indifference.

Another, quite serviceable also, which is contained in Tennyson's pharmacopoeia, consists in recognizing that fretting and fussing, wars and panics represent but the bicker of gnats in the glare of a million million of suns. Which, being translated, means that we should not take our own importance too seriously. And quite logically, for it is our worry over it which, biting at the cells of the brain, gnaws there, until there is nothing left to nibble.

Then we die, and it is best that we should. If we didn't the world would become overpopulated in no time, and there would not be enough to go 'round.

Appropos to all of which it is rumored in mythology that there once was a people who had no worries and who had also the privilege of living as long as they liked. The rumor adds that they killed themselves "from ennui." The moral of the story were not put here to inspire, inspire, inspire, inspire.

## The End = of = the = Century Woman.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Here at the end of nineteen hundred years

They tell us woman is a creature "new!"

Methinks she always like herself appears,

This human opal of the changing hue.

She is as limpid as the morning dew,

Yet is she oftentimes wiser than the seers.

What man dares say he reads her through and through,

Here at the end of nineteen hundred years?

The same as when men fought for her with spears

Is she to-day who leads them on to sue,

Yet always, when some closing epoch nears,

They tell us woman is a creature new.

She is made out of honey and of rue;

She is made out of laughter and of tears.

Regarded from whatever point of view,

Methinks she always like herself appears.

She is a thing of many hopes and fears,

Of many virtues, yet of vices, too.

Touched with the flames of two opposing spheres,

This human opal of the changing hue.

An angel or a demon, false or true

As man may fashion her. He who has ears

Will harken and be warned. Yet they are few,

Here at the end of nineteen hundred years.